

One Line At A Time

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One Line At A Time

by [JSparks](#)

Summary

"I just don't know what I want to do now. I like you, I like you a lot and I can't imagine living life without you but the world..." He paused for a moment and looked over the flowers and roses, the beautiful garden that always seemed to call to him. This wasn't in a single one of his textbooks, never talked about in any lecture, and he definitely didn't write this in his notes. Was this something he should have just known from the beginning? Is it always this complex? "The world is just so big and I haven't seen any of it yet."

"I'm finally going to be myself for the first time and I'm terrified." He felt his eyes sting and burn.

Notes

Do not worry about being left on a cliffhanger, this entire story is completely finished!
I have also left a note in the comments of this story that goes into detail, please read that
before leaving criticism about this AU concept.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

In the beginning

Don't freak out, keep up the act. Just relax and keep going. It'll be over soon.

The phrases repeated themselves over and over inside Dream's head in an effort to soothe himself as he approached the building entrance. He adjusted his glasses but not too much. All he needs to do is prove that they are holding omegas illegally, get the evidence, purchase an omega to prove his legitimacy to these assholes, and get them out.

He pushed down the bile that tried to come out of his mouth and pushed open the door. *Keep it together, just another few hours.*

"You are right on time!" The first alpha businessman greeted him when he walked out from behind the front desk. His grey suit looked cheap and the smell of bad cologne and cigarettes filled Dream's nose but he kept a straight face. Two bodyguards stood to his sides in front of another door. "Not very talkative okay, I understand man! Let's get you someone to go home with."

The blonde gave a simple nod and a smile. Lying through his teeth can get exhausting sometimes and the smiles were even worse. Dream followed the first man and the 2 bodyguards trailed behind them.

"What type are you looking for?"

Type? What is this clothes shopping? "I'd like a short male, clean with brown hair." Dream learned the trader lingo, clean: less hair and thin. Dream almost always got male omegas because he knew that the conditions were worse and less common making him look more genuine.

"I have just the one." The alpha instructed, the door to the open warehouse squeaked open.

Fuck this is so much worse than what I was expecting, the blonde wanted to gag when he looked around at the room. The room smelt strange like it was meant to smell bad but it just smells stale. *Blockers, I forgot.* He looked around and saw across each omega's wrist and neck little white patches to block out smell.

Rows and rows of omegas with their hands chained up above their heads to a bar and stripped completely naked. Each male was put into a cock cage or at least that's what it looked like at a glance. The blonde glanced down at the floor, attempting to respect their privacy but it wouldn't be possible with all these alphas eyes on him.

"I think that you will like this one... Do you mind a British accent?"

"I'm definitely not opposed."

He followed the other Alpha down a row of chained up omegas until they stopped at one boy. He was about 6 inches shorter than the blonde, his soft features and a thin frame made him stand out. He had brown hair, plush lips, and pale skin. His eyes looked almost soulless and broken. It was like something broke and Dream's nose began to burn but he refused to get emotional at least not right now.

Something protective came over him and he instantly needed to get this omega out of here right now no matter what it took. This job definitely wasn't an easy one. *It's better than experiencing it.*

"He's in perfect condition, always made high marks at his academy, never talks back. I think he

would be perfect for you," the man advertised and began to touch the boy between his legs. A silver cage instantly stuck out as it was locked tight around his cock, anger boiled underneath Dream's skin. He fought the sudden urge to swing, he's just as tall and strong he could probably win.

"You don't need to do that, I believe you," Dream grit his teeth and pulled the man's hand back as gently as he could muster.

"Okay, okay..." the other man chuckled. "I'll keep my hands to myself."

Gross. Just fucking gross.

"So while he's getting cleaned up we have some paperwork to do."

As the man in charge led him away, bodyguards in black took to taking away the boys' chains. *He didn't even speak, not even to tell me his name. What type of life is this?*

Dream followed the nameless alpha into another room. The next few hours were the worst, he had to sign a bunch of bullshit papers that weren't even legally binding. At least not binding anymore.

By the end, he was given various items, a set of small keys, the omega's file including his ID, paperwork about his 'training,' and cards to some other strange businesses. At least now they could bust more traffickers. All of the items were slipped into a black folder and handed to him by the still nameless alpha.

He would have plenty of time to read this file later, he was most worried about the condition of 'his' omega. They wanted back to the first room Dream walked into and the short boy plus a guard entered quickly after. The omega walked from behind the guard wearing a gray sweatshirt, black pants and a small frown.

"You're all set!"

"Introduce yourself, now." The guard growled and shoved the British boy forward.

"I'm George, sir," his voice was timid and small but still thick with his accent. Dream nodded in response and turned to the administrator.

"We're good to leave?"

"Of course, enjoy."

George followed the taller man to the car. *Just keep up the act for a little longer, wait until you're at least a few miles away,* the Alpha continued to calm himself. The taller boy squeezed his hands around the file and resisted the urge to throw the entire thing out instantly. "We're going to drive back to my house, it's about 3 hours away."

"Yes, sir."

Being addressed so formally made Dream just wanted to drop the act right here in the parking lot. The blonde motioned for George to get in the passenger's seat and the boy followed. He sat down in the driver's seat and put the black folder in the floorboards. The car was dead silent while they

pulled away and a few miles down the road Dream let out a sigh of relief, "My name is Dream and I'm not going to hurt you despite anything I said earlier. I am so sorry."

"Sorry for what, sir?"

"I just can't believe they still treat omegas like this, I wasn't expecting it to be this bad. You don't need to call me sir."

George looked a little confused but stuttered out 'okay.'

"You can sleep on the way."

"Thank you, sir," George whispered and slouched down in the chair almost curling in on himself. The sir thing was not going away soon. He's definitely going to need to spend some time with him.

About 2 hours passed before Dream suddenly remembered something that made him sick to his stomach, "George?"

The shorter boy flinched and turned to Dream with wide eyes, "I'm sorry, sir."

"No, no that's not what I mean," *Shit I didn't mean to scare him like that.* "You didn't do anything wrong. Are you still wearing a cage?"

"Yes, sir..?"

"I'm so stupid, do you want to stop so you can take it off?"

"Why would you take it off, sir?"

"We can talk about it when we get back," Dream signs to himself. There were only another 30 minutes left in the drive so waiting until they got home wouldn't kill George.

"I'm sorry, Master," George shifted in his chair feeling a little uncomfortable.

"It's fine you haven't done anything wrong, let's get some rest, it's been a long day."

"We have a lot of talking to do, you've been through more than you will ever realize."

George was still quiet as they pulled into the driveway of Dream's summer home. It was a very beautiful white house with brown and green detailing.

"Let's go inside and talk, okay?"

"Yes, Sir."

Dream snatched up the file and got out of the car. This was definitely different, a lot of omegas he picked were aware that they had been basically tortured for years. But George didn't seem to notice. He took out his keys and opened the honey colored front door and they walked inside.

George looked around in awe, he fantasized about being bought by a rich alpha but never really thought it would become a reality. Unfortunately his awkwardness was getting the best of him.

"I don't even know where to start... How long were you there?"

"I left for the Academy when I presented at 14 and moved to the other building about a few months ago, sir."

Dream walked into the plush dining room and took a seat, motioning for George to follow suit, "We have a lot of work to do but I wanted to say that I'm not going to hurt you or make you do anything you don't want to do."

"Okay..."

"You look so confused."

"I... I'm sorry, I'll stop."

"No, it's fine, ask questions about anything you want."

"I've just never been asked so many questions before."

"Let's just take it slow okay?"

"Okay."

"What do you like to eat?"

"I haven't thought about food in forever," George groaned. Dream saw a little glimmer of a different person, someone who wasn't the submissive omega he appeared to be.

The blonde smiled, "What do you like? I have almost everything."

George's face dropped and he looked down at his lap, "I was okay at cooking, I wasn't the best in my classes, I'm really sorry."

"*I'm* going to cook for you."

"You don't need to! I can cook."

"I really like cooking actually," Dream remarked. He remembered the cage and scrambled to find the key in the black folder. He found the little silver keys inside a bag stapled to the back side of the cover. "I'll show you around."

"Yes, sir."

The taller boy led George to the kitchen, living room and out into the sunroom, "I work out here sometimes because it's really bright during the day."

"Could I come out here?"

"Of course, you don't need my permission." Dream led him back into the main hallway and through another living area. "This my bedroom and this one is yours. This door leads to my study, you can go in there anytime but be careful because I'm on the phone sometimes."

"I have my own room?"

"Yep, this is your space do with it as you please. If you ever need me I'm always here." Dream held out the silver keys, "You need to take that thing off."

"Yes sir," He looked dejected and slightly confused but took the keys regardless. The blonde opened George's chamber door and walked inside.

"Here is your bathroom so you can have some privacy, I'm going to go cook."

As the alpha left the room, George felt more alone than ever before. When he thought about his life after this isn't what he imagined at all, he expected the comfort of tradition but was met with something completely different. He felt like something was wrong, like the Administrators would be very angry if they saw him like this. It has been so long since he *hadn't* thought about the Academy.

He walked into the bathroom and closed the door behind himself. This was the first time he looked into the mirror in... Months? He tilted his head to the side, he looked different but not by much. Constantly looking like a child would do that to you.

He pulled down the soft dark fabric of his pants and his boxers. He looked at the silver cage and wondered, *why would Dream want me to take it off?* He prodded at the lock with the key until it popped open, and pulled the pieces away from his skin.

He stopped trying to remember how long the cage was on or off about a year into school. He remembered getting it off for a few days around his 18th birthday, that was around the time they stopped giving him suppressants and he had his first heats.

If he had done anything wrong they wouldn't take the cage off for his heats. Those memories of bad heats were blurred and maybe locked away somewhere in the back of his head. He turned over the metal in his hands, that was the first time he saw the number carved into the inside, '0801-8.34.'

George left the bathroom and walked back into his room. Now that he was alone maybe he could go exploring. Hopefully Dream doesn't get too angry.

His room was a soft yellow color with some white and dark green detailing. There were 2 large glass doors leading into the backyard which was host to a full garden, he looked at the little lock switch against the door handle and flipped it with his finger.

"Ready for dinner?" Dream walked into the doorway and asked. He had changed out of his nice suit and into simple black pants and a red sweater.

"I'm sorry!" George jumped away from the door and turned around. "I didn't mean to, I was just- I'm really sorry, please don't..."

"What happened?"

"I flipped the little thing, I'm sorry I shouldn't have touched it."

Dream smiled and shook his head. He walked over to the door and flipped the lock, "Look? No harm done. You're fine, George."

"I'm still sorry."

"Well you don't need to be. Let's go eat dinner."

"Do I deserve to, sir?"

"George..." Dream tried to keep his composure but the concept of no food as a punishment for something so small made him sick. "No matter what you do I'll always give you food, that's a right not a pleasure. How does some grilled chicken sound?"

"That's sounds amazing."

They both sat down at the dining room table across from one another. George smiled and attempted to eat slow but this was possibly the best meal he had in a long time.

The night was getting long and George could feel the tension growing. He almost completely forgot about what was supposed to happen tonight, how could he forget? Was he scared? Not exactly. Nervous? Definitely. Dream seemed to be a sweet alpha so the initial fear was burning away. George walked into Dream's bedroom and asked, "Master?"

"You can call me Dream now, you don't need to address me like a superior if you don't want to." He was in his soft armchair looking at his laptop.

"Are... are you going to claim me tonight?"

Whoa, I was not expecting that at all, Dream thought to himself, "No George."

"Should I put a patch over my neck tonight so you don't bite it by accident?"

"I'm not going to bite you?" Dream looked at the shorter boy confused and got up from his seat.

"I don't understand sir, are you not going to mate me tonight?"

"George..." Dream could practically feel his heart shatter. "I don't think that's the best idea..." He tried to be as gentle as possible with his answer but within seconds George's eyes filled with terror.

"You don't... Want me?"

"It's not- I like you George but that doesn't mean I want to have sex with you." He regretted the words the second they left his mouth. "That's not exact what I mean-"

"I'm so sorry! You need to send me back, I can't stay here!" Panic started to fill his voice and he began to hold himself with his arms. "You don't need to keep me!"

Dream took a gentle step forward and grazed his hands over George's shoulders, "No one is going to hurt you and I am not sending you back to that place. Not in a million years."

"But you aren't going to have sex with me?"

"Can I hug you?"

"Why are you asking me?"

"I..." He stopped short. That wasn't a question he had ever been asked before. He sputtered, "Just... Can I hold you?"

George nodded and Dream pulled him into a soft hug. Maybe something like this could calm him down somehow. The Brit's whimpers got quieter and he relaxed into his arms.

After a few moments Dream pulled back to look at George, "Do you feel better?"

It was like everything was getting better and the situation was defused, but the second George looked at Dream tears filled his eyes and his lip began to tremble. The blonde fell mortified looking at the shorter boy just completely broke and started *sobbing*.

Out of instinct, he pulled him back into a hug. Dream felt the other boy start slipping down so he gently held his waist and tried to lightly pick him up. George complied and clung on to him.

George normally had a soft fruit smell about him, like cherries or sweet apples. Maybe even like a bakery sometimes with the soft smell of pastry. The taller boy picked up on the smell occasionally but it was just so faint. Now George's scent wreaked of sour apples and rotting oranges. Dream tried to keep his eyes dry but the feeling of the smaller boy shuttering and crying his arms tore him up inside.

George felt waves of something just crashing over him with every breath he took. With each inhale the more panic and fear settled into his bones. The panic wasn't the same as when you felt like your life was flashing before your eyes, no, it's the type you go into when you think too hard and your brain goes numb.

It's that type of panic that ended in *dread*.

The taller of the two spent some time just rubbing circles into George's back and pacing the house. He whispered little phrases though he knew George wasn't really listening, "It's okay. I want you, I promise I do. I just don't want to move too fast, you need time to understand more. It's not fair and you'll understand why later, just relax."

George felt completely *drained* from crying.

What type of sick joke was this? He wanted to be angry but he knew it was his fault Dream didn't love him enough. He could barely keep his head up and just hugged the tall alpha tightly. As the exhaustion took over him his scent changed to just the dull smell of cherry cough syrup.

Dream hushed the other boy and rocked him gently in his arms. George's whines went down to soft noses and he closed his eyes. The blonde walked back into the guest chamber and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to I just got- I didn't-"

Dream rubbed the shorter boy's face with his thumbs and ran his hands through the brunette's hair.

"It's okay, I promise. How about you get some rest?"

"Yes sir." George moved out of his lap and got underneath the covers.

"I'll see you in the morning, get some rest for right now."

Before he even left the room the shorter boy was out cold.

The blonde wiped his eyes aggressively with his sleeve and gently closed the door behind him. He needed to talk to Sapnap just at least to calm down. The alpha dragged his feet into his own bedroom and reached for his phone to dial his best friend.

The phone didn't even ring twice before Sapnap picked up, "Hey Dream."

"Hey," He didn't even realize how scratched his voice was from soothing George and crying in the

process. He put the phone on speaker and let his phone rest on his bed while he laid down.

"What happened?" Sapnap's voice filled with concern and he tried not to think of the worst.

"I took home an omega and I gotta say the indoctrination must be insane, he just started crying then *I* started crying... I just put him in bed." He sniffled and put his head in his hands.

"If it makes you feel any better, the extraction team saw the glasses footage and came in about an hour after you left, everyone is out and safe, 46 alphas busted for running the whole thing and 4 other leads... At least he didn't attack you."

"I'm glad I just can't get over this, this is the worst one we've seen since Bad."

"I know it isn't easy going in solo, it's a lonely job, but you've been doing so well."

"I might need some extra time before another scouting, this one was hard to see."

"I understand, how is the omega?"

"His name is George and he's still jumpy."

"George Hendrix I assume, he's the only one Karl and the team didn't find."

"Yeah."

"Why did he start crying?"

"I told him I didn't want to mate him."

"You just said that outright?!"

"No! *He* asked *me*, first."

"Dream, I'm sorry, that's not easy."

He signed and waited, "I think it'll be fine in the morning but I'm worn out."

"Get some rest, let me know if you need anything."

"I will."

"Get some rest, you sound fucking awful."

"Thanks..." Dream whispered with a little giggle before clicking the end call button.

Dream dragged himself out of bed and into the bathroom, he ignored the pounding in his head from dehydration and cleaned up. He washed his face but his under eyes were puffing up from having salty tears sit on them all night. By the time he got out of the bedroom he noticed that he slept in until 10, *crap, George is probably up before me.*

Dream looked in the two sitting areas, dining room and kitchen, no signs of the other boy. *Maybe he's still in his room*, he knocked on the door gently and asked, "George?"

"Sir?" He sounded confused again.

"Can I come in?"

"Yes Sir."

The blonde popped open the door. George was sitting on the floor on his knees, back to the bed and his hands against his thighs palms up. The Brit was looking down at the floor and wasn't moving an inch.

"What are you doing?"

"Wait it's palms down isn't it?" George quickly flipped his hands over in fear. He'd been doing this for years but Dream's reaction threw him off. "I thought it was always palms up, I'm really sorry, Master."

"Did you have to do this in the Academy?"

"Yes... Is this not what you want?" George sighed and moved to sit with his legs crossed, head in his hands. A small blush fell across his cheeks, "I'm sorry."

"It's okay, adjusting will take some time. Don't feel embarrassed."

"It's really hard not too," George signed. Getting into this new life was peculiar, everything he ever knew was just thrown out the window.

"I'm going to be doing some paperwork in my office. You can explore the house just don't go outside yet, you might be allergic to the plants."

George nodded and leaned back against his bed and Dream left the room. This wasn't how he imagined his first morning as a 'claimed' omega, he expected to actually be claimed.

Wanted.

George took his left hand and felt the spot on his neck where a bite mark was supposed to be. He grazed his fingers across that spot that should have indents and marks, but it didn't. The skin was still just as smooth as when he left yesterday morning. He felt its absence and wanted to sob for hours again but his body refused. He wanted to so bad, just get these emotions out but *he just couldn't*. His eyes leaked out tears as he touched the unmarked skin, this isn't what he was expecting at all. What he actually wanted and what he was told that he wanted... Were they different things?

Things were *definitely* different now.

I Thought I

Chapter Summary

Thank you guys for all the support on the work! Here is Chapter 2, 2 days later like promised! I am a complete nerd for tables in fics that give information I just think it's fun I'm sorry if everyone doesn't like them, I'm a stats nerd.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A few days passed, things were quiet in the house.

George couldn't help but spacing out and think about what life really was like outside of Killian Drex. The Academy he spent most of his teenage years, hell, most of his life. Sometimes he could still smell the harsh lemon cleaner, the click of heels against gray tile or the chalky scent of his bedroom blackboard.

He spent a lot of time contemplating, exploring the house or attempting to speak to Dream. He's still unfortunately and painfully socially awkward Dream didn't seem to notice. Being alone so often was freeing, it was something he rarely got. George constantly questioned what he was doing here. Why is he just allowed to be alone? Walking around with no one watching him made his anxiety spike, being alone means you are definitely doing something suspicious. The Academy library was practically his home, can't get into trouble with all those eyes on you.

This was possibly the longest he had ever gone without his cage. Not feeling the weight pulling him down was nice... hopeless at the same time? He left it inside the bathroom, he hadn't even *thought* about it that night. He went looking for it and tried to keep the fear down, he's **not** one to just lose things. After frantically searching for a while he realized Dream probably took it, it does make sense and he shrugged it off.

It confused George how Dream worked, he would do something for a few hours then walk away for just as long, he rarely did everything all at once. The omega walked into Dream's office while he wasn't typing or on the phone and asked, "Sir?"

Dream unconsciously let his shoulders fall. It was hard to get used to, the word sir just made him more sad than respected but he continued to let it slide. George had enough on his plate dealing with an entire new lifestyle. "Yes, George?"

"When is my surgery?"

"What surgery? Are you sick?" Dream hadn't seen anything in his file from the small glance got about George being ill.

"The removal surgery? I thought all alphas did it..?"

Dream cocked his head to the side and looked confused.

"To remove my dicklet?"

"Your... *What?* "

"Dicklet, what omegas have?"

"What the hell is a dicklet?" Dream sat looking at the other boy in genuinely confusion. "Your penis?"

"No, I don't have a penis."

"What are you talking about? Yes you do."

"No I have what looks like a penis but I'm an omega so it doesn't work the same."

Dream sighed and put his head in his hands. "What did they tell you about your body?"

George blushed a little bit having to explain human anatomy to a grown man, "Well male omegas have dicklets, they look like penises but function differently. They are messy and can cause pain when you're in heat so most alphas cage or have it removed on their omegas. Is that not correct?"

"George..." Dream whispered and got up out of his office chair. He walked over to the shorter boy and pulled him into a tight hug. George tried to hide the little sigh that slipped out whenever he smelt the taller boy's scent. The sharp vanilla got more faint, *He's upset.*

After a moment the British boy asked, "What's wrong, sir?"

"When it comes to men, there isn't any difference between alphas and omegas," Dream said. "The first gender takes priority most of the time."

"*Oh.* " George instantly wanted to crawl away and forget about the entire conversation. *Wow George, how do you manage to make him uncomfortable with literally every sentence.* He felt so disconnected from reality, what was true and what was false? How many lies had he been told since he found out he was an omega? "I am so sorry, I didn't even know."

"It's okay to get things confused, you can ask me anything."

The two boys went separate ways for the night and Dream couldn't help but clench his fists in anger. The blonde remembered the file and walked into his office and clicked the small desk lamp. The dim light illuminated his desk and the black file sat right there glaring at him from underneath a few papers. The anger boiling up inside felt like nothing he's ever felt before and he sat down in his chair.

The file stayed in his mind for hours on end sometimes.

He both wanted to read it from cover to cover, note every detail and memorize it down to each number but he also wanted to never open it then throw it in the trash instantly. He pulled it out from under his other papers and centered it on his desk. He opened it... and remembered why he wanted it closed.

George Hendrix

Age: 20

Race: White

Sex: Biologically Male, XY

Gender: Masculine presenting, he/him pronoun use, no dysphoria

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 144.5lb

Hair color: Naturally Brown, no dye

Eye color: Hazel

Movement Record

Presented on: September 16th 2010

Started at Killian Drex Academy for Male Omegas on: September 19th 2010

Graduated: May 3rd 2016

Moved to Facility 08076.33 on: July 21st 2016

Sold on: November 1st 2016

^ To: Dream A. Kingsman

Education

Year 1

A | Algebra 1 + Geometry

A | English in the Western World Introduction

A | Earth Environmental Science

X | Study Hall

A | Pre-Renaissance History

A | French I

A | Physical Training

A | Intro to Secondary Gender

Year 2

A | Algebra 2 + Pre-Calculus

A | Physical Training II

A | English in the Western World

B | Biology + Chemistry

A | Post-Renaissance History

B | French II

A | Spanish I

A | Secondary Gender Ed.

Year 3

A | Advanced Statistics

B | Calculus

A | Modern Literature

A | Astronomy + Botany

B | The Complete History of America

A | ASL I

A | Spanish II

A | Computer Etiquette + Keyboarding

Year 4

D | Calculus II

A | ASL II

B | Written and Oral Communications

A | Astrology

B | Ethnic History of Indigenous Peoples

B | Study Hall

A | Basics of Cooking

A | Intro to Omega Training

Secondary Ed. (Recommended by Admin)

Year 1

Passed | Culinary Arts

Passed | Omega Training

Passed | Intro to Anatomy

Passed | Submissive Position Learning

Passed | Experimentory Lab Testing #0811.11.36

Year 2

Passed | Culinary Arts: Advanced (Tested in)

Passed | Anatomy of Alphas A

Passed | Educational Review Group 3

Passed | Advanced Submissive Training

Passed | Anatomy of Alphas B

Medical Notes

Allergies: Rose Pinks

Dream did remember opening the file for a moment and seeing a rose allergy, he needs to do more looking into it. He held his breath as he passed the education page to the hand written notes with various different dates.

Admins' notes:

September 23rd '10

George is very talkative which causes trouble during classes, two warnings were given. Action was taken, little physical marks.

November 5th '10

Disrespect, action was taken, little physical marks.

November 8th '10

Low grade on quarterly report, no physical marks heavy warning.

December 25th '10

Emotional episode early this morning, comfort given by Ms. Patel. He's currently not speaking, will note if he continues to be non verbal.

January 1st '11

Extremely infactor, attempting to escape. Action was taken, marks have barely faded since punishment.

^ March 7th '11

Marks no longer visible.

January 1st '14

Recommended to higher education.

May 16th '14

Failure to pass the Calculus II examination with a grade above a 75, action was taken, little physical marks.

July 13th '14

George accepted my higher education offer on scholarship #08121130 which allows him to continue here without fees.

October 3rd '14

George has taken well to the new program and has a few special privileges given, complete library access.

February 2nd '16

One of my staff members informed me that George had attempted to fight back in an altercation, it was handled. Little physical marks.

Closing notes from Ms. Patel as of May 3rd '16

George has had a few infractions but other than these notes he is extremely well behaved, wonderful grades. After his first year he took to submission well, he would be a perfect example for other students but I fear he's too quiet. He definitely could become some type of instructor here if he is allowed. I hope he finds an alpha that will treat him correctly.

Dream sighed and swallowed hard.

He closed the file and opted to turn in for the night. He clicked the light off and shoved his chair, maybe a little too hard. Anger and frustration felt like it was overwhelming him but it was late and the exhaustion was getting to him first. He got into his own bed fully clothed and shut his eyes tight, falling asleep almost instantly.

As time went on, George felt more and more comfortable asking questions about their anatomy. It got less awkward because Dream always gave him that goofy smile after George learned something new. It was a little strange learning everything all over again and throwing out old information. The shorter boy mumbled, "I have a question?"

"Yes?"

"Do omegas orgasm outside of heats?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Like how the alphas do it?"

"Yep."

"What, oh my god," George tilted his head and laughed, "I never knew we could do that." He gave the taller boy a bright smile. Dream ruffled his hair and continued on.

Some questions were more intense and actually took Dream off guard.

“Why did they lie to me about how my body works?”

“I wish I knew...” Dream paused. “Maybe a placebo effect type thing? If you think you can’t do something hard enough you won’t be able too.”

“My heats were so awful for the past 2 years, I can barely remember them.”

“Did they let you take the cage off then?”

“Sometimes they did, sometimes they didn’t, it’s getting harder to remember. I would just stay in my room during that week and try to find something with some scent on it.”

“I’m so sorry, how about let’s do something fun for a change?”

“Define fun,” George replied dryly and gave a gentle smile.

“Let me show you the garden.”

“Really?” George looked a little shocked, it wasn’t very often that he went outside and if he did he would think about it for months.

Dream smirked, “Rose Pinks are not in the garden so you shouldn’t have any reactions, you are allergic by the way.”

“Really?”

“Yeah but there aren’t any out there so you’ll be fine, come on, it’ll be fun!”

George followed the younger boy out into the sun room and through another door. He looked out across the cottage style garden, little sets of pink plants with orange and yellows mixed in. The large trees in the very back of the yard gave some shade for the bench swing in the very back, it looked to be a light grey stain with crimson roses lining the supports.

Dream stood in the back half of the garden and gestured around to the plants, “You can come out here anytime you would like. It’s enclosed by the trees and plants.”

“Botany was really fun, I remember we could go into the greenhouse a few times a week and observe the plants.” George glanced around at the flowers, they were a few he could recognize but some looked unfamiliar.

“There are plenty out here for you to poke at.”

“Did you do this yourself?”

“I wish I was this talented,” Dream sighed with a smile and followed George into the middle of the grassy area. “My mom did this.”

The blonde crawled out of bed and with a lazy smile started cooking breakfast as the sun barely peaked over the horizon and into the yellow glass window. While he prepared the biscuits and mixed the dough, George came out of his bedroom and sat down at the bar. George's closet included some of Dream’s old clothes including one of his black long sleeve T-shirts that was too small for Dream and too big for George. George wore the black top with a pair of shorts, his hair was fluffy from sleep but his eyes were bright.

“American biscuits are better if you put pepper on them before cooking.”

Dream reached for the spice cabinet, “Let’s try it.”

“You don’t need to!”

“Too late,” Dream teased and smiled towards the shorter boy as he cracked the pepper grinder a few inches above the biscuits.

“Do you want me to cook the rest? You should let me cook. I’ve been doing it for years—” George started to panic and almost got up from the bar before Dream interjected.

“Let me cook for you.”

“I-” George was about to argue more but decided to let it go. “Okay.”

Dream smiled and picked up the skillet and pushed it into the warm stove. As he set the alarm he asked, “When did you stop taking suppressants?”

“A few weeks after I turned 18.”

“When was your last?”

“Maybe 6 weeks ago? I think it’s coming soon.”

“I can look into getting you more suppressants but they might affect you differently, they are really made for adults.”

“Should I start taking them again?”

“Do you want to?”

“Not really,” George shrugged. “When I took them back then I got sick a lot.”

“Well your heat is coming, take your time on deciding what you want to do about it. No pressure, just tell me before your heat starts.”

They sat in comfortable silence, you could practically see the steam coming out of George’s ears he was thinking so hard. Dream kept down a giggle as he finished breakfast and they ate together. Sometimes George just didn’t answer Dream’s questions whenever he was thinking, *That’s adorable*. Dream would ask him something about his previous classes and it would take George sometimes full minutes to ask him, “Sorry... did you say something?”

“Sir?” The British boy asked gently when he walked into the sun room. The horizon burned a soft orange and pink, the colors fell across Dream’s hair and gave his normally dirty blonde hair a citrus tint. He sat with a notepad in hand and a glass of tea to his right.

“Yeah, George?”

“I know we aren’t mated but I don’t know if I’m going to be okay alone during my heat, I just don’t want to blackout again.”

“So you are okay with me helping?”

George nodded, he actually looked confident in the decision he made and Dream smiled back.

“I do have one condition, it’s not a good idea for me to knot you.”

“It’s okay, I think I get it. Do you have other things on you or..?”

“I have a box for this type of stuff.”

George pretended to not blush, nodded softly and walked back into the house.

The taller boy let out a harsh breath, *what?* He smiled hard and was tempted to smack himself. *He finally made a decision for himself, okay Dream stop being weird.*

Chapter End Notes

So the conversation using the word 'Dicklet' was really uncomfortable to write and I think it's less common now but it used to be an ABO thing. I left that conversation in because I wanted to add to this academy manipulating and changing the Omegas they 'train' forever. The mind is a powerful thing, it can change your body and social training can change us more than we thing.

But that's enough of me ranting, I literally have been having the best time reading comments and talking to people about this work, Thank y'all so much <3
(There are 6 little secret nods to specific days and references to friends in my discord server that I put in there, only 6 some dates are just made up.)

And if you saw the concerning about of typos I made in this end note... No you didn't :)

Was Lost And

Chapter Summary

This is one of my favorite chapters because the stories in it are so cute yet sad. I hope everyone likes this chapter as much as I do even though its short in comparison to the last 2.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Knock, knock?” Dream asked, peaking into the open door with a little smile.

George slammed the book he was looking at closed and pushed it back into the white book shelf, “Oh hi, I’m sorry.” He shoved his hands down by his side and looked forward towards the bookcase.

Dream ignored the little action, walked through the open door and looked at the book shelf. He saw the book George just put back and pulled it out. He ran his thumb down the spine and read the label.

“Wait, I’m sorry, I was just curious!”

“These books are yours to read, you can read every single one of them if you wanted. This is a great one, it’s all about the anatomy of second genders, but it’s actually accurate.” He gently placed the book back into the shorter boy’s hands. “You should read it.”

George signed and set the book down on the top of the shelf, “God this is so hard.”

“I know, it’s okay.”

“I just wasn’t expecting this, everything is so confusing.”

George spent a lot of his time reading in his room, it took him a little bit of time to process the information but hey, this was a start. He seemed to enjoy the reading but Dream knew he needed to give him something else, he needed something to keep his mind off things.

Dream peaked his head into George's room and asked, "Hey, George?"

"Yes?"

“Come with me I’d like to show you something.”

George smiled and followed Dream out of the room. He was changing now, the color was returning to his face and his smile looked more and more genuine. Though they had some awkward social moments but whenever they met in the middle George looked a little happy.

He looked at Dream in the eyes now rather than looking at his feet, he hadn’t addressed him by

name yet but they were getting close.

Dream led him into the second smaller living room and sat down at the black grand piano in the corner. He patted the spot next to him for George to sit down, "Have you ever played?"

George noted the piano but didn't even bother to give it any thought. He was hesitant but sat down beside the other boy on the bench and their legs brushed. "I've never even seen a piano in person," the shorter boy giggled.

"Follow me, it'll be fun." Dream found middle C and guided George hand to it. He moved his hand down to the same note an octave lower. "Both of these keys are Cs so we can play basically the same thing but an Octave apart."

George smiled and pressed the key listening to the string ring out from the piano.

Dream sung and played a little melody on the keys, "Play that song, the one that makes me go all night long. The one that makes me think of... You. That's all you gotta' do."

George listened to Dream's voice and tried to hide the smile that came across his face. The taller boy sung each note with each key press and told him the name of the notes as he went. He repeated each letter note to the other boy and after a few minutes the omega had them memorized. George made a few more mistakes before he could confidently play the little section with ease. "Look!" He shouted before playing the section perfectly as he lightly mumbled the lyrics underneath his breath. His eyebrows stitched together as he remembered the notes perfectly and played with only a few slips.

"I'm glad you like it, there are some books in your room about it."

"I never could take those music classes in school, didn't have time."

"You can play whenever you'd like."

The blonde took a moment, what was even his plan? Normally by now he would talk to the omega about searching for a job in an omega friendly city and finding a place to live. He knew that George was going to need more time but how much more? He pushed those thoughts into the back of his head, why did it burn when he thought about George moving away?

Dream decided after dinner sitting down and watching a movie would be a good idea. He picked any movie and sat on the right end of the couch while George sat on the left. The blonde decided to break the slightly awkward silence by making small funny comments throughout the movie. He made fun of the main character's hair cut and the villain's extremely-fake sounded accent. The shorter boy smiled and laughed.

The 2 boys moved together more until they moved to a comfortable position. George between his legs, his back to Dream's chest, meanwhile Dream wrapped his arms around him and propped his leg up across the couch. The blonde felt his heart get... Light? He felt a little bubble in his chest and tried to keep them down. Towards the end of the movie George was giggling and squirming around against Dream, he tried to keep the thoughts down but eventually he felt his pants get a little tight.

The moment he was going to tell George he was gonna turn in for the night, the shorter boy sat up and turned around. Without warning he reached for Dream's waist band.

“Whoa, slow down I didn’t mean for that to happen-” Dream slightly moved his hand away.

“Lemme fix it,” George mumbled before reaching again. His voice was weird and small, it felt impossible for Dream to read. Was he sad? He honestly couldn’t tell.

“George stop, don’t.”

The brown eyed boy looked up with a shocked and confused look on his face, “Why.”

“George, it’s not that you are beautiful or that I don’t like you or care about you, but you can’t just touch me without my permission.”

“I never even thought about that, I think I read something like that in my book...” It was like within seconds George put A and B together and understood what happened, “I’m so sorry!”

“It’s okay you didn’t know that it wasn’t- Where are you going?” Dream cut himself off to ask the question when he saw George jump off the couch and walk into his room.

George came back into the room quickly with his hands behind his back. The blonde tilted his head to the side in so much confusion. The shorter boy stood right in front of him and held out a belt.

Dream jumped and stared at him with wide eyes, “What are you doing?”

“You have to punish me!”

“I am not going to hit you with that!”

“But you need to.”

“No I don’t.”

“Yes you do, you have to because I just tried to hurt you.”

“Making a mistake because you were trained to do something doesn’t warrant physical abuse?!”

“But how will I learn?”

“Pain is not the only way to learn something is wrong. You apologized and you aren’t going to do it again.”

“I promise I won’t hurt you again. Just do it so I can feel better!” George shoved the belt more aggressively into his face trying to get him to grab it. “Please, I just feel so bad.”

Dream snatched the belt, maybe a little too aggressively because George flinched, hard. He didn’t even look before throwing it behind him and letting the buckle clatter across the hardwood flooring, “I’m not going to hit you and that’s final.”

“But-”

“No buts. Can I have a hug instead?”

“But I don’t deserve that, you should-”

“George,” he pleaded and motioned for the shorter boy to hug him.

The Brit gave in and sat beside him leaning into his side but keeping his hands to himself. Dream

guided his arms around Dream's torso and rubbed his back. He kept his voice low next and rested his head on top of Georges, "It's okay, I already feel a thousand times better... Why did you bring me that?"

"Because whenever we did like really bad things at the Academy they punished us like that, it felt bad at the time but the punishment was over and we didn't talk about it again."

"God, shit like that really isn't okay. I'm so sorry."

"It's worth it because sometimes the person assigned to me would touch my back or give me a hug, it felt so nice."

"You associated that positive feeling with the physical..?" Dream didn't finish his sentence, he knew that the rest was implied.

"I think so," George relaxed and sat back. "The last time I got in trouble was for hitting and Alpha when I didn't really mean to. The person assigned to my sector was really sweet about my punishment and let me hug them while I was crying... It was probably the best experience I had there."

"Those people were fucking sick."

"It just made it easier to handle and after that it was over, I could just go back to my bunk and sleep for the rest of the day."

"I'm so sorry, you can have all the hugs you want."

George's voice got extra quiet and he barely croaked out, "Thank you."

The next morning Dream walked into the kitchen and found George sitting at the bar, "Good morning."

"Hi..." George started feeling a little awkward, *like always*. "I'm sorry about yesterday."

"It's okay I promise," Dream replied softly and without even thinking about it pressed his lips into the crown of the shorter boy's hair. When he pulled back and realized he had basically just kissed him the worst blush fell across his cheeks. "I have some work to do in my office," He stuttered before leaving the kitchen fast.

The smaller boy didn't think much about it but Dream's heart was racing as he turned the corner. *What the hell was that?*

Chapter End Notes

Man, this chapter is the one that hits closest to home for a couple different reasons. I've never been a romantic person because emotions are gross but I like this one.

My favorite part to write was George asking to be punished because A) I like giving George trauma and B) that guilty feeling just adds so much to the story, it needed it. I feel like that section is going to be the most heart breaking so far but trust me, it get's

worst :)

Looking For Someone

Chapter Summary

Just a warning this chapter is spicy! Please make sure you are reading tags. I'm really happy with the work so far honestly, it was super fun to write and think about and we haven't even gotten to the best part.

I also changed updating from every 2 days to every 3, I did a poll over on my twitter. (Shameless self promo: @SJaynotfound)

Chapter Notes

Smut Warning!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream kept his feelings down.

He wasn't going to lie and say he didn't want to give in that night around a week ago, let George touch him... but it felt wrong. He liked him a lot, maybe more than he would ever admit, but it threw him off, if made him realize a lot. George sees himself as a tool to other people's ends which leads to some strange conversations but they got better at laughing it off.

Whenever George's face lit up when he talked about the stuff he was reading in his books it just made Dream *melt* . George, being a little oblivious, didn't notice Dream's blushes or little fidgets at all... Or maybe he just chose to ignore them. Now that they were more comfortable sharing a space George would constantly praise him on his cooking skills, "This is amazing! I didn't know Alphas took up cooking."

"It's not actually an 'omega only' thing, in the words of Gusteau, 'Anyone can cook!'"

"Who's Gusteau?"

"That's it! We are watching Ratatouille tonight."

"What? Isn't that-"

"You are gonna learn about a rat that pulls hair whether you like it or not."

"What!" George could barely keep it together anymore, he just looked at Dream in complete shock. They later watched the movie and absolutely loved it, George spent the movie praising it's accuracy on the cooking aspect but very worried about sanitation.

Dream couldn't even hide from his best friend. He probably looked like a 15 year old girl blushing in his bed texting Sappnap.

Sappy : You got it bad.

Dream : Shut up! No I don't, it's fine, everything is going fine.

Sappy : Liar liar plants for hire, I know when you have a crush on someone.

Sappy : you always go for the awkward ones.

Dream : I don't mean to!

Sappy : You are just as awkward

Dream : :(

Sappy : What I'm right

Dream : I feel pretty bad because he's still emotional and stuff.

Dream : He asked me to help him with his heat since it's coming soon.

Sappy : Really now?

Dream : Yeah I'm a little nervous, I already told him I wouldn't knot, like always.

Sappy : Have fun :)

Dream : You are the worst

Sappy : I know

He heard a soft knock at his door and jumped just a little bit. He giggled to himself but called, "Come in."

"Hey." George walked into his chamber and closed the door behind him. He held his hands right in front of his crotch in a weird way but Dream chose to ignore it. Ignoring the little things that George did that would normally be socially unacceptable became the norm, it made awkward moments so much more bearable.

"Is something wrong?"

"Yeah... Can I show you something and you promise you won't make fun of me?"

"I promise."

George lifted his hands away to show his hard-on in his soft grey shorts. "I know that like what I have works the same but it's not- I'm frustrated and tired because it's not working-" George looked exhausted and a little more worked up than normal. His cheeks were flushed and bright red.

Dream sat up in his bed and motioned for George to come sit, "Did you try to take care of it yourself?"

"I tried but I can't, I don't know- can you help me?"

"Of course." Dream threw his phone to the side, the conversation with his friend instantly forgotten, "Sit right here."

"I'm really sorry, I should have just waited for it to go away but it wasn't, then I got upset and-" He frantically wiped at his eyes and walked to the edge of the bed.

"George, you don't need to apologize to me for stuff like this."

"I still feel bad," the Omega sniffed before getting up into the bed and sitting in Dream's lap back to chest like they had before. George relaxed a little bit more and pressed his back into Dream's chest, "I just can't focus alone."

"It's okay, I'm here." Dream pulled his sleeve down and lazily wrapped his arm around the shorter boy's shoulder to his neck. "Does the smell help?"

The Brit breathed in Dream's sharp cedar and vanilla smell, he gently took his hands and touched Dream's arm, "Scent helps, you smell like a forest... I missed this so much."

"Missed what?"

"Hugs, I forgot I really liked them."

"I'm happy to help. Can I touch you?"

"Yes please."

With his right hand the Alpha reached for the shorter boy's pants and gently pulled his waistband down. Dream tried to keep his thoughts in his head but with the guy he liked just sitting in his lap like that-

"Alpha..."

Dream felt a spark shoot down his spine but he tried his best to ignore it, Dream was not the

innocent saint that he might look like, there was much more going on inside his head then he'd ever admit. He lightly curled his fingers around the other boy and moved gently up and down trying not to overwhelm him. He pressed his thumb against the tip and tried not to think about just tearing George in *half*.

Dream breathed in sharply at the little noises the other boy was making yet George didn't seem to pick up on it. George's breathing was getting raspy and breathy as he got closer, "That feels so good, please don't stop."

Dream eyes got wide as he listened. He quickened his pace and he felt George buck up into his hand a few times. Definitely not helping his case to keep it together and not let it go to his head.

"I- Fuck, feels good," George groaned and after the words left his mouth cum slipped down the side of Dream's hand. The shorter's moans got more faint as he came down from his high.

Dream stopped his movements to not cross over into over-stimulation. "Everything alright?" He asked first, this might be George's first time cuming outside of heat.

"But you didn't-"

"I don't want to, are you okay?"

"Yeah I'm fine," George's body tensed. "Why don't you want to?"

"It's complicated, your shirt is dirty," Dream was pulling at the hem of George's shirt but leading his hands pliable just in case he didn't want it off. George complied and Dream cleaned his hand then slipped out from behind him and stood beside the bed finally getting a good look at George's face. His eyes and nose were turning a light shade of red and tears were beginning to form. "Is something wrong?"

"I'm just emotional, I'm sorry- I can go back to my room I don't want to make you upset."

"It's okay. You aren't leaving, stay here," Dream pulled George into his side and brushed his fingertips across his back, "You haven't done anything wrong."

"Yeah but I can't help but feel awful."

"I'm going to get you a new shirt right quick," Dream pulled away for a moment to his closet and hastily snagged a soft pullover. "Here you go."

George pulled on the article of clothing Dream sat down beside him. "Hey," The omega started.

"Yes?"

"Why do you do this?"

"Because I like it of course," Dream giggled and pulled George down into a hug. Thankfully Dream didn't have any issues 'pop' up while taking care of him. George laughed in response and shoved his face into the other boys' side.

"But really, why?"

"I like taking care of people, it's like my thing now."

"Wait!" George bolted upright in bed. "It can't be..."

"What?"

"You are actually an alpha, right?"

"Yes," He giggled and covered his face with his hand, "I get that a lot."

"What about your rut?"

"Rut suppressants, I have to take them."

"Those exist?"

"Yep, now stop panicking, I'm sleepy," Dream teased and pulled George down into a hug by his shirt again with a laugh.

"Why do you take them?" George asked, he always had that look whenever asked questions his eyebrows stitched together and he looked worried.

"Because of my job, I can't work with Omegas like that without some type of medication because humans aren't perfect."

"Oh that makes sense... I'm really sorry for asking. I should have just believed you, oh I'm so sorry-"

"It's fine I promise, I get that a lot." The taller gently brushed George's hair and pulled the covers up to his shoulder. He moved around a bit more to get comfortable and as he was about to doze off before he heard a sniff? "George?"

"Yeah- I'm sorry."

"It's okay, I promise."

"Fuck," George whispered and wiped his eyes on the jet-black sleeve. Dream pulled him up onto his chest more.

"Sleep, you need rest," Dream mumbled.

By the time Dream woke up on his own George had disappeared, probably out to the garden like most mornings. He spent a lot of the time checking a little book with pictures of flowers inside against the flowers outside. Dream, not being that into botany, didn't understand half the things he said about the plants nor did he 'appreciate' the amazing layout, all he knew was the flowers looked pretty. George would roll his eyes and go back to staring at little flowers until midday.

"Can I ask you for something?"

"Sure, anything."

"Can I have put some of your stuff in my bed, please?"

"Anything you see you can have, except the clothes I'm wearing of course," Dream beamed.

"My heat..." George's voice dropped and he let out a nervous laugh, "I haven't even really thought about it, I'm a little nervous."

“I think you should be fine, is there anything I should know before?”

“I don’t think so? Don't touch my feet.”

Dream wheezed and tried to contain himself. Between laughs he tried to say, "I'm not going to touch your feet." But it could barely be heard between his giggles.

"I'm not kidding, don't touch my feet.”

The taller almost doubled over from George’s serious voice.

George ended up throwing Dream's soft blanket on top of his bed and covering his pillowcases in the taller's shirts too. He felt the tension bubble in his chest, as the days went on it was getting more intense and he was almost sick thinking about it.

George might have been tense but he didn’t have shit on the mental gymnastics Dream was doing. Of course this wasn’t the first omega he’s helped but this is the first one he’s *liked* and spent this much time with. He was never going to say anything to George but he was terrified.

Dream : What the shit do I do?

Dream : I think I like George but not in the weird empathy thing I got going on.

Sappy : You are concerningly empathic...

Sappy : Maybe you’re actually a sociopath..?

Dream : We can talk about that later dumbass!

Dream : His heat is coming any day now, would it be wrong for me to ask him for things?

Sappy : I don’t think so, he trusts you enough for help I think if you just roll with it everything’ll be fine. Don’t stress too much.

Dream : But what if my rut suppressants stop working suddenly?

Sappy : Stop worrying!

Dream : What if they did..?

Sappy : Dream.

Dream : I'm scared okay!

Sappy : Go to bed before you burst a blood vessel using that brain of yours.

Dream was only slightly exaggerating his worry to Sappnap.

And now, they wait.

Chapter End Notes

Maybe this is just me but when people casually call me man I think they think I'm a man..? It doesn't bother me at all btw! I just think it's pretty funny.

(Was I tempted to throw more shade at Shane Dawson for being an 'EmPaTh!!!' Yes I was, I wanted to be petty about it because he's a pos <3)

I'm the most nervous about this chapter and the next one, 6, 7, and 8 are going to be really sweet I'm super excited. If you are reading this now feel free to leave a comment telling me what you think! I'm so proud of this AU it's unbelievable.

To Find Me,

Chapter Summary

Here is the long awaited Chapter 5! This chapter is late I'm so sorry, I'll explain more in the end notes.

Smut warning!

Chapter Notes

Also just to clarify in this AU there is no Mpreg whatsoever.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was hard to figure out what happened first, did George realize he was going into heat or did the groan just come out of his mouth without him even thinking? Thoughts were escaping him as his skin burned with desire, he was almost shocked at how much his groin hurt and ached for touch. He didn't even think before his hips moved up the sensitive head rubbing against his wet boxers, another breathy groan slipped out before he could think any better.

Before the burning got more unbearable and he needed to get his hands around himself, Dream was by his bedside. The blonde gently wiped the other boy's face of sweat and whispered things that the other boy could barely understand. He motioned for the other boy to move over so he could get in the bed with him.

"Please, just- don't leave."

"I'm not leaving I promise," Dream got in on George's right side and pulled his overheating body into his arms and tried his best to ignore his scorching skin.

"Touch."

"Yeah just relax," Dream started pulling at George's waistband.

By the time George's boxers were all the way off and dropped on the floor he was whining again, "It hurts and not in a good way."

"I didn't know you liked pain in a good way," Dream teased and returned to his side, leaving his hand on George's stomach.

"Oh shut up, you know what I meant," George rolled his eyes then hissed sharply when the other boy finally wrapped his hand around him. The feeling was almost calming, he could still speak but the full body ache made his brain fuzzy, "It hurts but different now."

Dream lightly stroked him, completely disregarded the weirdness of the entire situation and asked, "How is it different now?"

"Dick!- Dick just feels better, I don't hate it as much?"

"Hate?"

George groaned a little bit as the alpha swiped his thumb across, "You are way too casual right now. I can't believe we're just having a conversation while you are..."

"While I'm what?" Dream taunted leaning into George's neck more while making his motions more teasing.

"Touching me, fuck-" Another wave of a weird type of pain rolled over George his body temperature rose and made his legs twitch. Dream smiled against him and pressed his lips against the smaller boy's neck, he felt George jump at the first kiss but start to lean into it. The blonde was close enough to smell the strong scent of pastries and fruits, he smelt like a bakery, Dream felt his eyes flutter as he got lost in the smell.

"Feeling okay?" Dream looked up and asked softly when George was silent for a long time.

"Yeah yeah just close, more?"

"Always."

George almost got the wind knocked out of him when Dream just *did that*. He felt the other boy drag his hand up, get tighter towards the top and press his thumb into his slit, it was sharp and fast and *good. Maybe too good*. That perfect amount of pressure that made his toes curl and he was cumming, hard. "Fuck, God you have to do that again-" George whispered.

Dream moved his hand back up to his stomach, ignoring the obvious mess, and waited for George to stop making those little noises, even if they did drive him almost insane, "Still feeling okay?"

"Still hurts, this sucks a little bit."

"Yeah it sucks alright," Dream giggled.

"Are the painfully bad sex jokes going to last the entire time?"

"You don't even last the entire time."

"I-" George was cut off by a sudden laugh that accidentally led into a small snort which only made him laugh harder.

"Okay, okay, I'll cut out the puns if you cut out the snorting, piggy."

Dream barely moved his legs and George hissed a bit, he was already getting hard again. "You are a bit sensitive, I have to go slower."

George groaned while Dream moved from being right next to the omega, down the bed to between his legs, he moved down until he could easily rest his head on George's thigh. He looped his left arm around George's right thigh so his leg was on Dream's shoulder. The blonde has his right hand on his hip and the other on his chest.

George gently pulled Dream's hand away from his chest and instead laced their fingers together, "I like this."

"Yeah?"

George hummed in response before shifting uncomfortably.

"Let me take care of you."

Dream returned to a soft pace with his dominant hand around the other boy's cock and the other one holding his hand.

George let his eyes close, he just melted into the pleasure... The biologically-induced horniness was overwhelming of course, but for a moment he could feel something else besides the pins and needles; Dream was rubbing little circles into his hand with his thumb. His hands were holding his own softly, though they were bigger he didn't grip him in a possessive way. It shocked him and a second heat was blooming inside his chest.

"George?"

"Yeah, sorry," George opened his eyes fast and looked down.

"No sorry, it's okay I promise. Can I use my mouth."

"Shit, uh yeah if you want to?"

Dream smirked a little bit before bringing the tip to his mouth and barely grazing his tongue across... He was not going to last long if he kept that up.

And Dream kept it up until George was babbling and definitely embarrassing himself but he honestly didn't care, it felt amazing, "God that feels so good, don't stop." Dream stroked him through the orgasm that left George feeling just so perfect. They both waited in curiosity but to George's happiness the wave was completely over and he should feel a little normal for a while, "Hey."

"Yeah?" Dream answered, pulling away and sitting up on his knees.

"I know we had that thing before but I wanna..?" George motioned towards Dream's now pretty obvious hard on, Dream almost forgot he had one. He blinked a little bit, *how does one just forget about that?*

"Only if you are one hundred percent sure, this isn't about me you know, heats are different and I don't want you to feel bad and I would just-"

"Come here."

Dream stopped his rambling and moved up to hover over George's lap, his face flushed a little bit. Though the shorter is known for his awkward moments, Dream could be just as painfully embarrassing at times. He was beyond nervous about this, of course he thought about it *alone* but thought he could just wait to be alone to deal with it? It definitely wasn't the smartest plan and it was stupidly naive-

"Can I touch you?"

"Uh yeah."

"What? Cat got your tongue?" George teased and pulled at Dream's sleep pants.

"No idioms in bed either," Dream's mind was getting cloudy as George's hands got closer. He was touching him so painfully slow yet too fast at the same time. The blonde blushed an insane amount

when his cock twitched in George's hand. He tried to keep his hips still but having listened to George coupled with feeling him *pulsing* in his hand earlier made him closer to the edge than what he was expecting. George started at a medium pace and Dream *knew* he was not going to be going for long.

"Feeling alright?"

"Yeah you're just good, shit."

"I've taken at least 4 classes on this."

"Okay, nerd."

"What was that?" George teased and stopped his hand temporary.

"Nothing, fuck kinda close already."

George smirked and Dream was thrown over the edge into waves of pleasure not long after.

Dream took a moment to relax and get his bearings and by the time he felt almost back to normal he saw George. He had a shit eating grin on his face and Dream shook his head, "How are you feeling?"

"I actually feel good considering I'm in heat. Not that bad but definitely not amazing, body is extremely sore."

"Heats come in 4 to 6 hour rounds so you have time in between to eat-"

"I wanna sleep," George giggled and pulled Dream down by his arm.

"But we are both literally filthy, there's stuff on your chest and-"

"Don't care," George laughed and pulled the covers up around them, "We are taking a nap."

"Only because you are good with your hands."

"Use another cheesy line on me in bed and you're outta here."

By the time George was awake again Dream had already cleaned them two up. George wasn't even conscious for a minute before he whined, "I'm hungry."

Dream giggled and so it began, between rounds he would carry the smaller boy to the kitchen, let him sit on the counter while he made food for them and listen to George's whines.

"Why are my eyelids really hot?"

"I have no idea, eat your sandwich."

"Boring, you are no fun."

"I will be more happy when you aren't getting crumbs on my counter."

"I think you'll live."

The next wave hit George in the afternoon luckily they were both in bed to deal with it. After

Dream teased him through another 2 orgasms he was starting to feel overwhelmed but luckily the wave passed and George rolled over face down.

"How are you feeling?"

"I wish I could say I was feeling better but it's just worse, my brain is fuzzy."

Dream settled in beside him and rubbed his upper back, "I know, just relax only a couple days this is over."

By that night George was a bit exhausted and ready to fall asleep but the final wave hit and he thought he was going to die. He was even more needy than he was this morning, "Please fucking do something- I mean I'm sorry, I'm just frustrated and I don't mean it but if you don't do something-"

"It's okay, how about I do something different?"

"Just *something*, this is hell."

Without hesitation Dream turned to the corner of the bed and reached underneath for the box he put there a few hours ago knowing it would be needed eventually. George giggled at Dream almost falling off the bed entirely whilst feeling around for the box but eventually he popped back up with something in hand, "Have you ever done this before?"

"I've done it before, yeah."

"For heats?"

"It was actually for a class."

"Oh I forgot... I-"

"Just stop talking," George laughed and pulled him by his shirt.

The other boy let out a squeak but didn't protest, he curled around George in a half spooning position and gently gripped his thigh, "Still okay?"

"Can... Can you do that thing you did before with your arm?"

"Yeah," They shuffled a little bit until Dream's arm was underneath him and wrapping around his upper chest. George smiles in content, leaned into the touch with his eyes closed. After Dream used the small-almost-forgotten bottle of lube he slipped down George's body and between his legs, "Keep going?"

"Yeah, I'm perfect."

"Okay George, we get it, you're pretty," Dream joked as his hand went further back towards...

"You know what I meant!"

He lightly circled with his fingers, testing the waters, not wanting to go too far too fast. After feeling the muscles relax he prodded and pressed more.

"More pressure," George mumbled into Dream's arm. Dream of course following his instruction

and just relished in the moment. It hit him like the biggest tsunami in the world coming crashing down, George. That's it, the existences of someone he cared about more than anything else in the world was just so baffling. Dream was both very aware of what was happening and at the same time outside his body, the sweet smell of baked goods was strong and taking up too much space in his head.

"Holy fuck- Whatever you just did do it again," the shorter scrambled and gripped the Alpha's arm like before. The blonde snapped out and remembered the task at hand, he pressed the pad of his finger up against that spot inside and George almost *lost* it. "Fuck, that- that feels too good, God that's almost too much."

While George let his heart beat come back down to a normal rate he reached for Dream who immediately gasped in response but nodded quickly in approval.

After they both took a moment to breathe and get their bearings, they both half laughed and half sighed staring up at the ceiling. They broke away from their cuddling because the heat radiating between them was intense. The blonde took a moment before sitting up, "Oh my god we are so gross."

"Are you scared of it or something?" George snarked.

"It's gross! And it's on *me*," Dream glared at the other boy with a little twinge of a smile to show he wasn't actually angry.

"Scared of a little c-"

"We're getting in the shower right now."

"I am not moving from this bed and you cannot make me I'm exhausted, I will literally-"

"Too bad we are *bathing*."

One grumpy George and a hilarious amount of soap later, they could finally get some well deserved rest after a long and a little 'icky' day according to Dream, the Resident Cum-phobic Alpha.

Chapter End Notes

(I moved the comment to the comments section because it was really long.)

But I Learned

Chapter Summary

So sorry this chapter is incredibly late, again, I've had a lot going on, but it's out now! I'm most excited for these last 3 chapters, they are easily my favorites.

Thank you guys so much for 7.5k hits on this story, it's really been amazing to write and I'm so happy people are interested, stories with 'statements' are fun but I feel like they get less attention but I'm glad this one was different <3

Chapter Notes

Again smut warning!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream stirred and rolled into a more comfortable position in the early morning, he breathed in and out heavily before looking over to his bedmate. George was still resting thank God, yesterday was rough on him and he could probably use the extra energy. His nose and cheeks flushed a soft pink from being so hot and mid length hair was in disarray. Dream felt a bit of possessiveness come over him, he was tempted to get closer and cuddle up against him but the other boy was always *scorching*. Because of this, the 2 would touch hands often but rarely cuddle up together because the body heat would make George frustrated.

George felt different now. He laughed so often now, probably more than what was appropriate, but he would just giggle sometimes. It doesn't matter what they were doing or why, if George's little laugh could be heard, Dream would be smiling. It was intoxicating feeling but in the same breath it was terrifying-

"Morning weirdo," George whispered with his eyes still closed.

"Oh hi, I'm sorry."

"s fine, round one is starting."

"Is this like a boxing match now?"

"Yep," George mumbled with a giggle, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"Maybe you need to use something... Bigger?"

It was the 2nd round of the day and George was already asking for something more and it made Dream smile. The blonde spent the morning with his head on George's stomach listening to the noises that just slip out of his mouth without filtration and teasing lightly with his hand. The best part was George finally cooling down after so they could rest together without sweating through

the sheets.

"Do you want to try a toy?" Dream offered and George nodded quickly.

As the alpha pulled away to rummage through the box close to the bed George asked, "Is it normal to start to need more?"

"Possibly, that wouldn't be abnormal."

"Well I guess it isn't all bad."

"Why's that?" Dream asked, covering the toy in the clear liquid.

"We get to lay in bed all day."

"Ah," Dream laughed and returned to his place by the others side. "I'm gonna go slow, let me know if I should stop."

"Go for it," George answered. Dream propped up one of the omegas legs with his own while laying to his left, he placed the tip of the clear toy at the omegas entrance and applied little pressure. They both held their breath while he inserted the toy until it was completely inside where George let out a shaky laugh.

"You okay George?"

"I'm good yeah, keep going please."

Dream rocked it in and out at different angles trying to find the spot that would feel the best for him. A few moments later George let out a breathy, the type that Dream would probably be thinking about for weeks, type moan. Of course Dream decided to push into that same spot again, "Feels good?"

"Feels amazing, don't stop."

"I don't plan on it when you keep making noises like that," Dream taunted.

Only a few more teasing words later and George was cuming fast with a pretty embarrassing yelp. After cleaning up, Dream decided to cook and George practiced piano.

"It's getting late..." Dream trailed off as he came back into the bedroom, he was fully expecting for George to call him by now but nothing. Hours had passed and there were no signs of another wave of genetically-induced horniness.

"I still feel bad but nothing else," George said looking up from his book slightly. He held the white and light blue 'Basic Music Comp. V1' book in his hand with colored sticky tabs sticking out of the sides.

"It's been over 7 hours," Dream decided to get in the bed on the other side.

"Weird... Maybe it'll be over in the morning?"

"It could be?"

"Yeah..." George trailed off. He continued to reread the same paragraph in the book until he

couldn't keep his eyes open. What was Dream thinking right now? Was there really something between them or was it George's heat or was it wanting to be wanted?

How did Dream actually feel about him? Was it all just for his own comfort or was it genuine... A part of him didn't care if it was 'genuine,' it was what he needed so he pushed the thought into the back of his head.

He racked his brain until he closed his book sharply and flicked the light off.

George woke up for the 3rd time with his skin feeling rubbed raw and his limbs too heavy to pick up. He groaned and reached around to find his other just-as-sweaty bedmate, finally his hand found the other boy's back and rested there.

"Morning- Sorry," Dream mumbled rolling over and reaching for the other boy.

And as Dream's hands were on him, George realized he wasn't even hard right now? "What the hell," He mumbled, sitting up on his arms a little bit.

"What's wrong?" Dream's voice filled with concern, you could see the debate inside his head whether he needed him immediately or not, George was harder to read.

"I'm not up, I'm just in pain, I don't know what's going on..." He groaned and squirmed, his limbs weighed him down and he tried to keep himself together. The frustration built behind his eyes and the dull ache in the back of his skull throbbed.

"What do you need?"

"A hug," George laughed to try and negate the fact that tears were almost falling from his eyes.

The blonde pulled him into his side, George normally smelt of sweets and baked things but the frustration made him smell like burnt oranges and lemons.

"It's okay, you'll be okay, this is normal."

George shoved his head into the other's neck, "Yeah but everything hurts."

"I'm sorry, is anything on the outside hurting?"

"My back and hips feel the worst."

"Let's try this okay?" Dream sat up and guided them into a better position, he sat against the headboard and pulled George into his lap, chest to chest. George could lay comfortably on top of him while the blonde could rub his back down to his hips. Dream dragged his hands down George's back, applying a bit of pressure and tried to relieve some of the tension. George whined a few times against the other boy's neck but stayed mostly quiet. "Better?" Dream asked.

George nodded.

The 'Morning Round' (the name they had given to the first wave of need) never came. Normally George had some time between rounds to do normal things, when his fever would break and he was around average temperature.

But this break never happened.

George spent the morning trying to rest his headache away and sooth his sore body but to no avail.

His day was spent in a complete daze. In the afternoon Dream carried him to the living room where they watched a movie or two. George laid curled in a blanket on the other boy's chest, drifting in and out of consciousness but if you asked he was definitely awake the entire time watching the movie.

They both theorized that this was the end of the heat, he would feel better by tomorrow or the next day and his body was just reacting strangely.

But they both would be proven completely wrong, as they both attempted to sleep for the night the very last wave came crashing in.

"Alpha!" George called from the bedroom to the taller who was crossing through the hallway, planning on going to shower right before bed.

"Yes?" He called back peaking into the doorway.

"Round, starting, like now," George's was barely making sentences and he was already stripping out of his sleepwear.

Dream instantly walked in and asked, "Does anything feel different?"

"It's more than the first morning, it's a lot more-" George was cut off by a groan. His skin burned for more than he even *realized* .

"Let's use the toy again?"

George frantically nodded and tried his best to make himself comfortable but almost everything was hot to the touch and uncomfortable. Dream covered the toy with lube again and found himself between the other's legs.

He kept one hand at the base of the toy slowly pulling it in and out while his other hand kept a steady pace curled around his cock. Every few minutes he'd go forward and lick stripes up the sides of his dick or swirl his tongue around the head.

But strangely enough, George's condition was not improving.

"Fuck more, more," George groaned and rolled his hips. "It feels like nothing, we need to do something different."

"I have an idea, can you give me a few minutes?" He pulled out the toy and removed his hands.

"Yeah just- *Anything* . You've basically been teasing me for half an hour," George whined. Dream sat up on his knees, reached for the bottle and shuttered at the thought-

"What are you going to do?" George asked

"You probably need something tighter," Dream mumbled.

"Please, I wanna- Wait are you sure? Have you done it before, I can't concentrate, I'm sorry."

"George, don't worry about anything, I got you. I'm gonna take care of you I promise." Dream told him while he prepped himself with one of his hands. It wasn't exactly the perfect plan, he was making up things on the spot for sure but he had to at least try.

"I didn't think Alphas liked it because it doesn't feel good," George mumbled and tried to stay still though he still dazed. It was getting laborious to form coherent sentences, or just sentences that weren't laced with lust.

"It feels just as good as it does for you."

"Really?" George gave a lazy grin, "You wanna sit on my cock?"

"Fuck, why are you breaking out the dirty talk *right now*," Dream groaned, part of it being George's voice just sounding like that, it made his stomach turn in seconds and the other part being the simple movement of his fingers. "This really isn't the best time to start exploring things in the bedroom but I think we're out of options." Dream was trying to be gentle with himself but George looked so frustrated and his raw need to help was taking over.

"You were the one doing the teasing, plus you are very pretty like this," George praised and sat up against the headboard.

The blonde worked 2 fingers in and out trying to be more patient but he'd never done anything like this with an audience. He tried to keep his cool but he felt a flicker of pleasure when his hands brushed up against that spot inside, "Yeah- fuck."

"Don't hurt yourself."

"Trying to be fast."

"Don't do that if you are gonna hurt something, it's okay."

He nodded and pushed for a third finger just to be completely sure, he lightly rocked them in and out and avoided hitting his prostate head on. "I think I'm good."

"Fuck- Please? Please come here."

Dream smirked and threw one of his legs over George's lap. He hovered above the other boy, placed his hands on either side of George's head and pushed a kiss into his forehead, "It's okay, we're gonna get through it."

"Alpha, please," George whined. It was definitely enough to make the other boy melt, his eyes wide and needy. Dream reached for the bottle again and put more of the gel on the Omegas almost bright red cock while the other boy *whimpered* in response.

"Just relax okay, I've got you, don't worry about anything," He held the other boy's cheek with his left hand while lining up George's cock to his hole with his right. He was nervous of course but more worried about getting George back to normal than himself.

As Dream took his time sinking down George started to babble, "Holy fuck good, you feel really good."

The taller blushed and wiped George's hair out of his face and just tried to keep him comfortable. It still hurt a small amount but he controlled it by going at his own pace. George's voice was getting more broken and he let out a loud groan after Dream finally got to the base. "Everything alright?"

"It's perfect, you're perfect."

Dream rocked his hips a few times, testing the waters on how much both of them could handle. The result was more of those adorable gasps from George. The Omegas hands refused to stay in one place, they moved to hold Dream's hips gently then back to his face trying to somehow contain the overwhelming feeling.

"Alpha more, just more please?"

"I got you," Dream whispered and took one of George's hands and held it with his own. He moved himself up and down at a soft pace for both of them to be comfortable with.

"Fuck, you're just perfect."

"You're doing fine," Dream stuttered from between labored breaths, there was definitely pressure against that spot but he attempted to push down those sparks shooting down his spine and into his knees causing them to shake.

"Close already," George groaned and accidentally pushed his hips up to meet Dream.

"Fuck- George!" Dream whined at the sharp feeling of his cock slamming right into him more aggressively than what he was expecting.

"Sorry sorry, so close please."

Dream picked up the pace and felt his orgasm rising, his knees and thighs were shaking lightly, "Holy shit."

" *Alpha* ," the word was breathy and broken coming out of his mouth as he finally came after almost an hour of frustration. Dream reached between his legs and not long after he was pushed over the edge into bliss as well. Dream was still feeling the shocks, he lifted his hips so George wouldn't get over stimulated. The both breathed heavily still close together and probably sweating a concerning amount.

"Do you wanna shower?" George gasped, rubbing Dream's arms with his hands.

"I wanna just go to sleep right now," Dream whispered and chuckled. He was a little shocked that he just did this without thinking of a plan first, he was a *planner* and this was not what he was thinking.

George waited.

He wanted to say something but he was struggling to find the right words. He tried these but they wouldn't really put into words what he actually meant, "I'm glad you helped me."

"Me too, that was really intense."

"Rest, you need it."

My discord server is public now! Here is the link if you can't see it in the other end notes thingy below this:

<https://discord.gg/JVv4X9QgWK>

I'm also pretty active on twitter now (@SJaynotfound)

I had a pretty rough time last week, it wasn't fun and I tried to get out this chapter as soon as possible but it's hard to sit down and edit. I'm really excited for the next chapters and of course the ending!

By the way, there is a big thing in this story that's pretty obvious and I'm honestly a little surprised no one has caught on to it yet :)

That It Couldn't

Chapter Summary

This is the chapter I am hands down the most proud of, It's the best part of this work and it's what the entire thing has been building up to. Please let me know what you thought!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

And on the morning of the 4th day the strong smell of apple pie fell away and George returned to his normal more subtle scent. Dream snuggled down into the warm covers and sighed, he was technically awake but wanted to relish in the moment more. The covers were tucked in all around him for the first time, normally they both slept barely beneath the blankets because it was so warm but he must have gotten cold in the night. Eventually he decided to turn over on his back and look at George who was already awake? Dream fully expected him to be sleeping but he was awake, sitting up and glaring across the room at the wall, not moving. Dream tilted his head to the side, "Is everything alright?"

"No, not really."

"What's going on?"

"You, that's what's going on."

Dream felt horrified and asked with a timid voice, "What did I do?"

"I did want help during it and I don't regret it, I promise... I'm glad you helped me." George quickly clarified but then signed, "but it's just *you*."

"I... don't understand."

"It's actually really simple! You give me a place to sleep, give me all of these things, all this comfort yet you don't even pretend to love me. You helped me through the worst heat I've ever had but don't even *want to mate me*. Why couldn't you have just left me there! Maybe someone who actually loved me could have picked me so I wouldn't be stuck, because no one wants to mate a rejected Omega, you know that. No one will want me because I'm already *with* you, already stuck to you."

"George-" Dream sat up in the bed and felt the tears well up behind his eyes.

"No, I'm done! I wanna be alone. I can smell you when you get upset like that."

George has never been this angry before, "Can we talk about this?"

"No!" George snapped.

Dream promptly got out of the warm bed and into the icy cold air of the room, goosebumps crossed his skin fast. *He needs some space*, he thought to himself as he opened and closed the door

behind him.

When the blonde entered his own room and closed the door. He sat down on the bed and winced, skin still sensitive from the night before, the feeling washed over him sharply. He felt the burn and pulled his knees up against his chest and held himself tightly. The blonde kept his body in a ball with one arm and with the other ran it through his hair, lightly scratching his scalp in an attempt to soothe himself. Dream wanted to be angry, after all this time was his efforts worth nothing? He did something so intimate he didn't think he would do with anyone else but George still thought that he wasn't embarrassingly in love with him.

He grabbed the closest corner of the blanket and pulled it over himself, it was freezing in his own room. *George's bed was so warm.*

It wasn't that he regretted what happened, he wouldn't change it for the world but George's words burned and made his scent change to a burnt vanilla mixed with the stench of burning teakwood. He thought about giving up, going back to his job and sending George off to a new city with a therapist ready to help him, isn't that what he did with all the omegas he ended up with because of work?

But George just felt different.

He wasn't sure if he was ready to just give up on something- *someone* he cared about so much.

George never showed that he was upset with Dream except for the first night he was here. He wasn't exactly upset with Dream but distraught at the situation and the expectation he was given.

He didn't even get the chance to tell him how he felt. To explain that he wanted him more than anything else, to the point where he'd give up almost anything. He just wanted to explain but it was too little too late, *you should have said it sooner.*

Dream didn't bother to wipe away his tears for a while, he knew they would fall faster so he didn't even try. His nose backed up from the crying leaving him in even more misery. This wasn't something he was just ready to give up on, throw in the towel for, he wasn't ready to just let everything go... But if it made him happy, he'd do it.

After a few hours Dream composed himself, he washed his face but his eyes still had a pink tint to them. He took more time to think about what he should say, what does he even do in this situation? The blonde walked into the smaller living room and saw George sitting alone staring off into the nearby window and Dream's heart sunk down in his chest. There really was no one else like him, the smallest details, the giggles, the angry noises he made after messing up the same bar on piano for the fourth time, there *is* no one else like him.

George wasn't currently paying any attention to him so the alpha waited until he felt confident enough to form his prepared sentence, "I can have your first purchase expunged from your record if it would make you feel better, by buying omegas is illegal in 31 states." His voice was rough but he really didn't care, he couldn't stand here and lie saying he wasn't feeling pathetic.

George looked to him as he spoke and started backtracking. "No, I- I didn't mean what I said this morning and I'm really sorry," He stuttered. His cheeks and nose were dusted in that bittersweet red, his arms held a tremor and his face looked just as innocent and fearful as when he first stepped

into the doorway.

“It’s okay if you did,” Dream tried... And that was the hardest part. Telling him it was okay if he meant what he said, if he meant he didn’t want to fall in love with him.

“It’s... Different.” George trailed off. His face flashed between looking so similarly to his first days and having that confident glare. “Can you come with me?”

“Sure.”

George walked from the smaller sitting space into his room, Dream followed in silence.

The shorter boy sat down against his bed and looked towards the door, he patted the spot beside him and motioned for Dream to sit. Dream complied and waited for George.

“I spent my first morning here, sitting for almost 2 hours-”

“I’m sorry about that-”

“Just listen for a minute, I need to get this out.” George paused and took a deep breath. “When I sat here I thought about everything I’ve been through up until this point.

“I presented at 14 and never saw my parents or sister again, I remember the days exactly like they were engraved into my eyes. My sister told me maybe one day I’ll find an Alpha who was good to male omegas while my parents said nothing. I wish my parents told me something before I got on that plane, I just remember begging them to just say something, anything... The most my mother did was touch my hand as she passed me my bag.

“I spent almost 6 years at that academy getting my training and learning so many talents. I know more sex acts than I can count, can cook an egg 100 different ways, I can speak French and Spanish, I know ASL, I know all 14 submissive positions and can get into each one in under 10 seconds... But I can’t tell you what my favorite color was as a kid, I didn’t have a childhood best friend that I can remember, my entire life revolved around a future Alpha that never existed.

“But I do remember sitting here. I thought about actually going to the places I learned about, I thought about them how I used to when I was younger, before I gave in to what they told me.”

George sighed, “I’m finally going to be myself for the first time and I’m terrified... But I’m also so sorry.

“It’s hard for me to forget something I always *thought* I wanted and when it was something different,” He breathed in sharply, it was hard to admit but he needed to do this, “I panicked and got angry when I shouldn’t have. I said those things this morning because I was mad but not with you and I’m really sorry. I was upset because... Because I felt like I needed to be the ‘Typical Omega’ to be worth something. It’s okay if you only did those things because you wanted to help me, I get it now.”

“I want you.”

George looked over to Dream, his hair fluffy from sleep, nose that rose-red. He could see the shine of the tear-tracks on his cheek and his scent turning to a light vanilla smell. The British boy shook

his head in confusion almost like he didn't hear it, "What?"

"I like you, a lot."

The strong blush crossed George's face and he wanted to hide, but he refused to shove his face in his hands, this maroon blush was like a badge of pride, "I like you too."

Chapter End Notes

We still have 2 more chapters don't worry! One more chapter plus an Epilogue.

I love reading comments so please leave them :)

When I was writing this around 2 months ago it was so painful, I also couldn't tell anyone what was happening because I didn't want to spoil any of the story for my friends.

(Also if you saw some open quotations, don't worry I already know about it! Multi-paragraph dialogue is hard but I did it as close to what it's suppose to be, you do leave some paragraphs with open quotations btw.)

Be Any Further

Chapter Summary

We are so close to the end! I have learned over writing this story that I actually like writing romance? It's not as bad as I thought and while doing the editing for this chapter in particular I realized how much I liked it!

Chapter Notes

Warning very soft and adorable.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"So I've been thinking..?" Dream started.

The morning after George's heat originally made Dream's chest just to think of it. The memory was still coated in pain but after George apologized for snapping at him that pain fell away. The two spent the rest of the day together. They enjoyed each others' company even if it meant comfortable silence... Or making faces at each other until George broke out in giggles taking Dream down with him. They barely left each other's sides for hours at a time. Dream whined when George left to use the bathroom and made grabby hands at him whenever he stumbled back into the room.

George cooked for the first time, it had been months since he had touched a stove but he took to it like he'd never stopped. The food was absolutely to die for in Dream's opinion, he sat in the living space practically dancing he loved it so much. Part of the reason he overreacted was to see George's bright smile again. The blonde continued to shower the omega with compliments on his food even though George argued it was under seasoned. "It's amazing!"

"We both know it needs more salt."

Later that night they both found each other on the couch curled up watching a movie. George started shivering because of the now approaching winter months, Dream teased him about being cold but left to snatch a blanket from the hall closet. Soon after the two boys found themselves under the plush blanket they were fast asleep.

"There you go thinking again," George smirked, it was the following day now and they both stood out in the garden. "What about?"

"I think I'm going to move jobs and work with Sapnap, my friend in the other sector, going in lone-wolf-style has been a rewarding job but it's been weighing on me for the past few years."

"That sounds good, I don't need you getting wrinkles at the ripe old age of 23. I will say Sapnap is a

weird name."

"I think it's Greek or something," Dream laughed to himself. "I'm going to submit my change request this afternoon. I liked my job, sure, but it can be a little scary."

"Why is it scary?"

"If the seller finds out that I'm not actually there to buy an omega, they will definitely try to kill me," Dream shrugged. "A lot of it is working from home on business calls which I would really appreciate, I am done with meeting creepy alphas who I can't punch in the face."

George went silent for a moment, he looked at Dream and smiled before turning to the swing and walking over. His face changed, just a little bit, he's flickering. Flickering in and out of the old George and *George*. Dream followed him to the back corner of the garden to the soft brown bench and sat beside him.

"George..?"

"I just don't know what I want to do now. I like you, I like you a lot and I can't imagine living life without you but the world..." He paused for a moment and looked over the flowers and roses. "The world is just so big and I haven't seen any of it yet."

"You can have *both*," Dream laced his fingers in between George's and lightly squeezed, "You can still have a relationship and go see the world. It doesn't mean you need to choose over or the other."

"But you have work to do here, I'm not the only Omega who needs saving," George joked and leaned more into Dream's side.

"I can do both too, with the new job I can work from home almost all the time. I spent weeks with you just because I felt like it."

"Don't you want the Alpha-Omega lifestyle? You've been preaching that I always have a choice, but what do you want?"

"I want *you*."

"I want you too," George said the words without hesitation. He reached up and rested his left hand right against his and rubbed his cheek, George pulled him down and let their lips meet.

Was this really their first kiss?

They had both kissed each other on the cheek, given short kisses on the forehead and pressed their lips to places that were highly inappropriate, but this was actually the first *real* kiss.

Twin butterflies fluttered in each of their stomachs just inches apart, it felt nothing Dream could explain. He could spend the rest of his day writing pages and pages of what it felt like but it could never come close to *this*. Not even for all of the money in the world could he replicate George and what his George felt like against him. He was breathless, secretly desperate for air but he wouldn't let go, he wouldn't let go even if it meant the entire world caught on fire.

"I love you." Dream gasped, he didn't even think about the words before he said them, the words came from somewhere deep inside him and who was he to stop it? "I love you so much it makes my head spin."

"I love you too, Dream."

Dream stopped breathing, each part of his body started lighting up and heart raced harder than he ever felt it do before. It didn't even feel like this was real life anymore. He didn't have any powerful words for that one, there really was nothing left to say.

George laughed, tilted his head to the side and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

"That's the first time you've called me by my name," Dream stuttered. "I'm just so happy, I've wanted to hear it for so long." He didn't want to stress the fact that he wanted to be called by his name more than anything else, it was a selfish request so he didn't even think about asking.

"Dream, you could have just asked!"

"You said it again!"

"Dream," He mumbled and leaned into his side. "I was scared to say it for a little while, I was told addressing Alphas by their first name is extremely offensive."

"I didn't want to pressure you on it."

"Thank you," George whispered.

"I love you, Dream."

Chapter End Notes

We are so close to this last chapter and I'm really excited! Yes, this chapter was romantic and gross, I get it I get it.

I plan to leave in the comments of the last chapter a little 'all secrets revealed' type thing where if you were ever curious about the little things I left inside this work you can read about them. The entire story does not end here! I might do more one shots either as sequels or prequels to this work.

From The Truth

Chapter Summary

And here we are, the end.

For more secrets and my closing notes on this story see the end notes! I'm so happy everyone has enjoyed coming along with me for this ride, it's been honestly amazing. Thank you guys for all the support :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A few months into their relationship George decided to start seeing a therapist. His therapist reminded him of things he'd forgotten about his past, his family and what they meant to him. They started combing through his life, connecting the dots on how he could keep going. He might never be able to 'move on,' but at least he has a handle on it now. Even today he still had work to do, things to unlearn.

Dream had his rut suppressant removed from his arm after another two months. Because he no longer worked with omegas regularly he could have had it taken out the second his job change was approved but he waited. His very first rut was rough but they dealt with it together. By the time Dream was ready to get ruts he was already working in his program, he hadn't even really thought about them until he was mated.

"It's really been an entire year, isn't that crazy?"

"I know... I've been thinking about something recently."

"Yes?"

"So I never knew my birthday, in Britain you parents will tell you after you present but they never did."

"George, that's so sad-"

"No wait!" He smiled. "Can I make today my birthday?"

"Of course you can. This does make you a scorpio and I don't know-"

"Please shut up about that zodiac shit."

"Language, Gogy," Dream teased. He looked down at George with a more genuine smile, "November 1st is a perfect birthday."

"Well, I did pick it myself."

Dream worked with Sapnap almost everyday, finding Omegas and helping them to freedom was

something he found so much pride in. As the legislation changed the program grew and grew. He spent his time creating data tables, helping draft new clauses in state laws then sending them off to be read by legislators and writing for the public approval of these new laws. It definitely wasn't an easy thing, the nasty emails flooded in inbox from other Alphas calling him a traitor and spreading rumors that he's not actually an Alpha at all. Dream just looks at them and smiles as he clicks the 'delete' button. He loved the results of his job no matter what anyone else thought about it, it meant the world to him.

They traveled to several different countries over the next 4 years, George said he wanted to see everything and he did. They went to Paris, Beijing, Prague, Nairobi, Rio de Janeiro, you name it George wanted to go.

George kept physical pictures of everywhere they went and pasted them to his bedroom walls. In Paris he saved up to have a very special painting made. It was a picture taken at Tijuca National Park with Dream and George looking out across the beautiful sky. It was practically his pride and joy to the point where he hung it above his bed. "Do you like it?"

"George I absolutely love it, I love the story of how we got that picture in the first place more."

"Oh yeah, that couple was not happy when they realized we were..."

"Not brothers?"

"Dream- don't say it like that!" George thought back to the look on that woman's face when she realized that they were *together* together.

"I don't know how it wasn't obvious! You have an accent."

"It's not that bad."

In an awful British accent Dream mocked, "It's not that bad."

Dream couldn't be happier, no plane ticket was worth more than seeing George run around and take pictures of everything he saw. He's poor phone constantly overheated in his hands but he could care less.

Between flights, trips and beautiful places, George sat in the sun room of the countryside home. *Their countryside home* . 4 years. It was hard to think about. He was of course happy but something strange was boiling inside him. This was the best time of his life, he had everything he could ever want but still he felt haunted.

"Lemonade?" Dream asked, handing the shorter boy a glass.

"Yes please," George said and accepted the glass. "I was thinking..."

"Here you go thinking again."

"I want to write a book.. To help people coming out of the system?"

"You have pretty poor spelling."

"Dream!"

The other boy smiled, blinked slow and sipped his drink. The orange rays fell across Dream's hair

making his normal blonde hair tint and his freckles more noticeable. *He looks perfect.*

"But I wanted to make something for Omegas coming out of the schools and programs, the world has changed a lot so maybe they could use some help?"

"It would be a good idea, your perspective would be influential."

"Would..." George remembered the first night, that morning, and the time he spent thinking about what his purpose was. He thought back to when he yelled at Dream that morning, the second Dream closed the door he regretted it. He regrets that moment to this day, why did he do that to the one person who cared the most? George remembered the most those words, *I want you*. "Would you write it with me?"

"Of course I'll do it with you, I'll do anything with you. I will say my grammar skills are a bit rusty."

"Don't worry about it, one line at a time, right?"

"One line at a time."

Chapter End Notes

If you would like to see more notes from me go to the comments! There are some secrets packed into this work.

I cannot believe we are here, this last chapter is the shortest but I didn't want to pack it full of filler, it's perfect the way it is. This is not actually the end of this universe! there will be more works in this series but this story has come to a close.

Thank you for all the love and support, you all mean a lot to me :)

[Art]

Chapter Summary

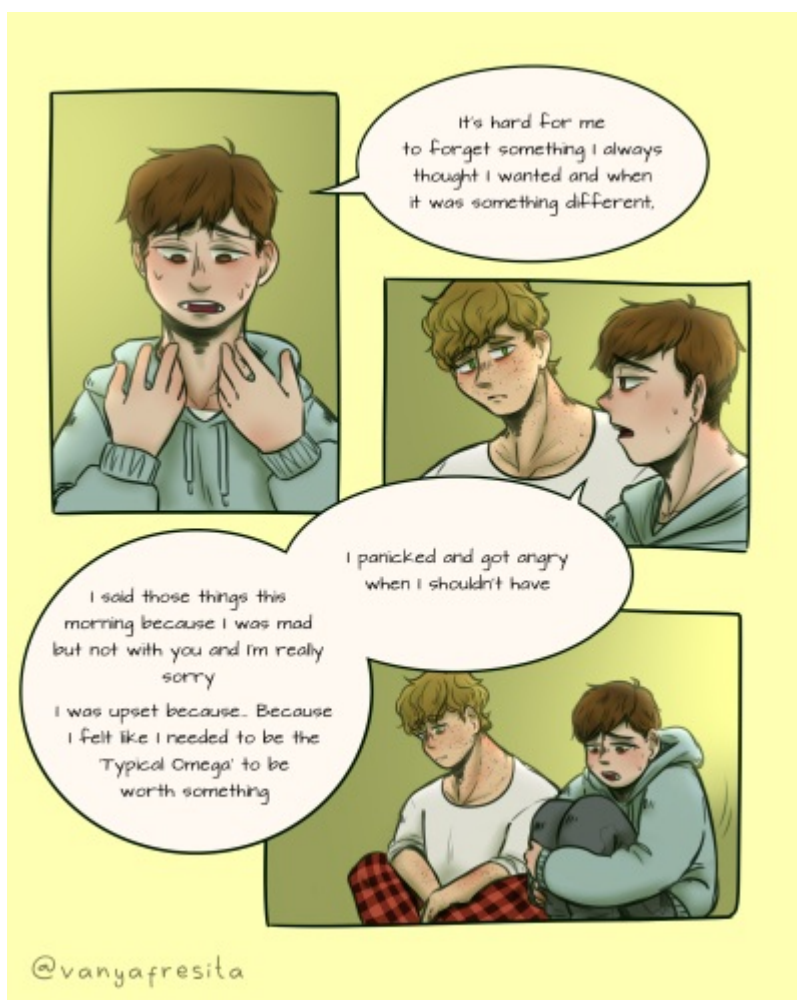
There was some fanart made for this story and I really wanted people to see it! It has been in the words for a really long time and I'm just so happy it's finished.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)









Chapter End Notes

Also don't correct any details! I asked for specific things to be changed at times, I had a big part in all of the details. I didn't draw this! It's not mine someone drew it for me.

I made a tweet about it if you want to go give the artist more love:

I'm just so happy, this comic has been in the works for a while and I'm just so happy with it! All of the colors are perfect and the ending is amazing.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! This story has taken me over 7 weeks to complete and I'm very proud of it. The entire story is already finished so sit back and enjoy the ride, updates every 3* days.

Please let me know what you think in the comments, I love reading them!

Kudos and comments are always welcomed!

You can find me over on Twitter @SJaynotfound Please let me know if you tweet about my stuff, this has taken me so long to finish and I'm really excited to finally post! <3

Or join my discord server, it's a really sweet place and I love all my server members so much:

<https://discord.gg/eSPfpMvYsp>

* I changed to 3 days by the way! I wanted to give the work some more exposure because the tags move fast nowadays :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!